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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1918.

The end of the War Orphan Adoption Campaign finds the A.F.F. poorer to the extent of nearly two million francs— something less than a france a man—but

infinitely richer in those qualities of good-will and loving-kindness which cannot be reckoned in centines or cents. But to stick to the francs, which are easier to compute. Imagine the whole A.E.P. consolidated into one single buck private and that two rilling france world. private, and that two million francs would represent his pay for just about an even thousand years. Well, it was a long war while it lasted.

And the good-will? It is capital invested in two places at the same time, which cannot ordinarily be done. It is a cable system more powerful than that which Cyrus Field paid out behind him a cable system of exactly 3,444 strands. with every strand leading straight to the heart of a child of France.

AT THE OLD GAME

Old John Boche, though he knows in his heart that he has been beaten, is living on in the fond hope that the Allies will beat themselves by getting into squabbles both before and during the peace confer-

enance of outde, it made its weight refined the great struggle and has-right-hand men and women are amongst us today, telling us what fair-weather friends these professing Allies of ours are telling our Allies what fair-weather friends we are, recounting and magnifying a lot of nebulous aneedotes out of the misty past, and so forth and so on.

It is Old John's old game. He is using the only weapon he has left. And he will make hav with it with a vengeance if he co-operation it receives.

make hay with it with a vengeance if he can only get some people among the Allies to pass along his propaganda for him—to remove, as it were, the Boehe label from his line of talk.

THE LOST LEGIONS

THE LOST LEGIONS

It was a pleasure to announce last week the names and locations of those A.E.F. units which, instead of coming to France or England, were sidetracked into Hungary, northern Italy and the inhospitable Arctic snows of Russia. It is a pleasure—and also something of a coincidence—that we are this week about to print, in another part of this page a letter from a member of the A.E.F. who belongs to one of the lost legions, a most lost of all, exof the lost legions, a most lost of all, except for the boys in Siberia, and some of them are nearer home than we in France or Germany are.

Our cartoonist, when asked if he could

Our cartoonist, when asked if he could not accede to Corporal Knight's request for a series of sketches on life around Archangel, replied that Siberia and Russia were all one to him, and that if he were to draw any Bussians they would only he Siberians in disguise. Rather than attempt this nature-fake on an easily roused world, he prefers to stand on his earlier productions.

Art aside, though, we are glad to hear from Corporal Knight and the 339th. To them we extend the glad hand of A.E.F. fellowship—not hands across the sea, exactly, but, rather, if we remember the map correctly, hands across Germany.

soldier as the soldier himself decided by plebiscite some months ago. The fact that fighting is over does not alter their applicability. The good soldier is still the courageous, the unselfish, the generous. fighting is over does not alter their appli-cability. The good soldier is still the courageous, the unselfish, the generous, the modest soldier.

There remains to be added a fifth vir-

tue, the virtue of patience. It is good any time. It helped to beat the Germans, both in the whole grand strategic scheme of victory and in the plan for every minor

victory and in the plan for every minor patrol between the lines. It has made the most competent K.P.'s; it has made the best generals.

It took patience for men to save themselves when they were eaught in shell holes and had to wait many days and nights before they could effect their own niberation. It takes patience, these days, to wait for the boat. It is just as fine a kind of patience—and a whole sight harder kind to practise.

THE GRAND REVIEW

The topic of post-armistice discussion that crops up most often in these discussion that crops up most often in these discussions.

The DRAND REVIEW

The topic of post-armistice discussion that crops up most often in these discussion-full days (after "When are we going home?") is, "Are they going to have a big parade for us when we get back, and where is it going to be?" The launching where is it going to be?" The launching when the cannon's mouth.

"We don't know about the heard And." of that question can start a good two-hom wrangle around the old issue stove, a knock-down and drag-out sectional squab ble, in any barracks or billet in France or Germany

Germany.

The Bostoniaus, of course, want that parade to go down Tremont Street and debouch upon Boston Common, scene of America's earliest struggle for liberty. The New Yorkers, of course, want it to start from the Washington Arch and proceed up Fifth Avenue to Columbus Circle, thence across town and up Riverside Drive to Grant's Tomb—which is quite a hike. The Chicagoans, of course, want it to go down Michigan Boulevard. And the Podunkers, of course, want it to start to go down Michigan Boulevard. And the Podunkers, of course, want it to start from the Eagle House and go down Main Street as far, at least, as Mason's Block.

While we are rather inclined to take the side of Podunk (which is a general term) against its bigger sisters, we have just a bit of a suggestion, which we put out here just to see how it takes. There

The Stars and Stripes

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Republic.

or, rather, is—the Grand Army of the Republic.

Over the same route there marched in July, 1917, a lot of fine old gentlemen who wore the Gray—and proud they were to march there. For that reason there can be nothing sectional in the idea that, after all, perhaps the most appropriate place for the A.E.F. to receive the plaudits of its grateful follow geometricans would be the section of the content of the content of the section of the sec of its grateful fellow-countrymen would be along the sweep of Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.

THE NAVY "The Navy in European waters has at all times most cordially aided the Army, and it is most gratifying to report that there has never before been such perfect co-operation between these two branches of the service." Thus writes the Commander-in-Chief of the A.E.F. in his respect to the Scorgary of War.

mander-in-Chief of the A.E.F. in his report to the Secretary of War.

"During the last twelve months we have learned to know each other very well. We have learned to respect each other. I want you to take back a message to the Atlantic Fleet that you have left, a very warm place in the hearts of the Grand Fleet, and I hope that you will not forget your comrades of the mist and your pleasant associations of the North Sea." Thus Thus spoke Admiral Beatty of the British Navy to the Yankee tars of the Sixth Battle Squadron.

We who are here by grace of the pro-

We who are here by grace of the protection afforded us by our Navy know that it made good, that it was everlastingly on the job. We are proud to belong to an Army that boasts such a backer and helper as our Navy has proved to be. Now that we have before us the prospect of going home, our thoughts turn again to the Navy and its transport service. Though the Navy, by the mutiny and surrender of the German fleet, was denied its longed for chance of battle, it made its weight felt mightily in the great struggle and has-

and its destiny depends largely upon the cooperation it receives.

There was considerable comment when THE STARS AND STRIPES expelled the Sporting Page last July. There was more in the States (possibly because there was more time for it there) than there was more time for it there) than there was here. The comment in the A.E.F. was divided, but divided unevenly. Indersements of the decision were far more numerous than complaints. Along in August, when the A.E.F. got up to its ears in the engrossing game of war, there was nothing approps of sports but silence, deep and profound, which confirmed the justice of the decision.

This paper's opinion of sports is the same as ever. Proper recreation, exercise and amusement are prime necessities. The fighting over, sports in the A.E.F. are of high importance.

fighting over, sports in the A.E.F. are of high importance.

There is just one thing more. This paper's opinion of the leading figures of the world of sports is unchanged. On July 26 it was stated of sports:

"Its leading stars are either in the iron harness of war—or forgotten."

Some of the professionals—most of them—have been in the iron harness. Of them we can say nothing, except that they are of us and that we are for them.

Of the others it can be said that, so far as this paper is concerned, they will constant in the said that of the sai

as this paper is concerned, they will con-tinue to be forgotten—and unnamed.

CORPORALS—CENTER! Once again the cry of "Squads right! Rrrrrrrrch!" is heard in the land. It THE FIFTH VIRTUE

Cowardice, selfishness, stinginess and bragging—those are the four vices of the soldier as the soldier himself decided by plebiscite some months ago. The fact that

This intensive drilling business, of which there will apparently be rather more than less in the days immediately shead of us, brings a familiar figure into view. Look at him closely. What mean

We don't know about the beard, And, now that the war is over, we don't know about that cannon's mouth stuff. But what of the platoon sergeant's mouth?

THE DIGGERS

As is perfectly fair and proper, the plan now is that the Australians are to be among the first of the British forces to be sent back to their home on the other side of the world.

side of the world.

Most of them have been out since 1914, voing through the hell of the Dardanelles at later being transported to France, who is they have earned the right, if ever soldie, did, to wear that natty bonnet of them, at such a cocky angle.

Without exception, the Aussies all hope to be sent home "by the other way, so that we can see America." We hope they will be sent home that way if they want to

be sent home that way if they want to.
Besides wishing to have them see America
—which we are pardonably proud of—
we should like to have America see them.

The Army's Poets

BALLADE OF THE WEST WIND Over the vineyards that cover France, Brown in the cold December days; Eddying, making the dead leaves dance; Farting the curtains of misty haze; Rocking the boughs in the forest ways; Bringing a tang of the salty fourn; Secally, softly, a wephyr plays—And the West Wind blows from Home.

Over the wastes where the war lord's lance Splintered and broke in furious frays; Over the ruins of Prussia's chance, Seene of an Empire's hopeless craze, Seene of the Empire's hopeless craze. The hate-made desert where Freedom's rays Shine on the shell-churned chalk and loam; Sensing the breezes, a soldier prays And the West Wind blows—from Home.

Aiding a Riviera trance,
Warm in the azue southern bays;
Lashing Atlantic shores, its glance
Rolling the fog from the soaking clays;
Touching the Rhine, though its chill dismay.
The saudened burgher, far may it roam;
An Army is minded of whence it strays
And the West Wind blows—from Home.

Tince, it is little that serves to enhance Visions of hearthstones in Key West or Nome;

Why does a campfire quicken and prance
When the West Wind blows from Home?
JACK BARROWS, F.A.

THE ADVENT

THE ADVENT
[Inspired by the trial flight of the first Liberty
plane to be flown in France, May 17, 1918.]
"Coupel"
"Coupel"
"Coupel"
"Coupel"
"Coupel"
"Coupel"
"Coupel"
"Coupel"
"The pilot, peeping from his cock-pit,
"Coupel"
"The engine and tries again.
"Coupel"
"Three mechanicians tug, chain-like, at the
huge propellor;
The engine roars, insane.
The ship moves forward, her nose lifts gracefully into the air;
And as the swaying, expectant crowd
Cheers, and cheers again, the Chaplain
Bowed,
Murmurs a prayer.

Murmurs a prayer. B. C. CLARKE, Corp., 486th Aero Squadron.

SOMEWHERE FROST IS ON THE PUMPKIN

"When the frost is on the pumpkin" doesn't often come to mind.
In this land of early harvests where a corn, shock's hard to find;
But the crismess and the tingle of the frosty, snappy days
"Minds us serious, hard-bolled Yankees of our boyhood autumn days."

Starts us thinkin' of persimmons 'nd of winter apple trees through th' clearin' when the ground heights t' freeze After at our heeds the state of the state

iomehow folks get close together 'nd a feller's When we had to shot when the fire we had up to shot when the had to got the fire we had to got the fire we had up mornin's an around the fire we had to not it pumpkin 'nd the fodder's in the shock.

MELVIN RYDER.

MELVIN RYDER. HOMESICKNESS

HOMESICKNESS

Gotta be a soldier. Gotta stick t' biz—
Gotta keep on marchin' while 'the marchin' is;
Cotta keep salotin';
Gotta keep on trini;
Busto keeps on toolin Busto keeps on toolin Busto keeps on toolin Busto keeps on stitchin',
Gotta keeps on stitchin',
Gotta foller like a lamb—
liut, boy, my feet am itchin'
For th' feel of Alabam'.
Gotta answer reveille. Gotta stand retreat;
Gotta ke K.P. sometimes soldlers has t' eat;
Gotta keeps on workin'
Jes like there was war;
Ain't no time for shirkin'
Jes like there was war;
Ain't no time for shirkin'
The titin' things go slam—
But, boy, my feet am itchin'
Fer lettin' things go slam—
But, boy, my feet am itchin'
Fer the freel of Alabam'.
Mammy writes she's "waitin' with a possum pie."

My doggone mouth keeps waterin' till by threat is dry.

nnmy writes she's "wallin' with a possum pie,"
y doggone mouth keeps waterin' till by throat is dry,
"Watermelon's handy—
Sugar cake am hot—
Enclosin' love from Mandy—
An' yet a feller's got
T' sweat here in a kitchen—
It's all fer Uncle Sam,
But, boy, my feet's sure Itchin'
For the feel of Alabam',
Sometimes, my lips get twitchin'—
Baby, that I am—
But, boy, my feet's done itchin'
Fer the feel of Alabam',

FRIENDSHIP

At last the war is ended And we're off for the U.S.A. For o'er the silent battlefields The roign of Peace holds so The roigh of Peace holds sway,
We think of all the months have brought,
Their trials and their joys,
And of the many friendships wrought
Among the soldler boys.
Seems e'er we met, 'twas parting time,
But parting ne'er can sever.
True friendship ites in any clime
Remain the same forever.
Our hearth boys high as we return

Our hearts beat high as we return To the land for which they fought. Those heroes tried, who bled and died, Nor for themselves cared aught.

Yes, we return to our native land, To sweetheart, wife and mother; For the world has come to understand What it means to be a brother.

What it means to be a brother.

And the banner fair that's waving there,
With honor to those behind us,
Like a voice from the skies speaks of sacrifice
For Freedom and Truth. "Twill remind us
Through life's glad morn, and sunset's glow,
When skies are bright or clouds hang low;
"Not what we gain, but what we give
Measures the worth of the live's we live."
Then let's be off to our native land
The country of God and mother,
For the world has come to understand
What it means to be a brother.
RAY V. SOWERS, Sgl., U.S.M.C.

ALBERT IN THE ARGONNE, OR, OVER THE TOP WITH A BOOK-CASE

(Delivered with pathos upon presentation to Sys. Albert Districh, 185th Personnel Section, of a tin medal in recognition of his great services in the recent dryonne affensive, when he went over the top with a book-case on his back, service rec-ords and field deck in one hand and a bottle of ink and a pon in the other.)

Listen, my friends, and I will tell How Albert Dietrich went through hell. 'Twas up in the Argonne, where we put on our

It was early on the morn of September two-six That we started out the Germans to fix. Some had Eddystones and some a Chauchay,— But Albert, he carried a book-case that day. The cry of the boys was 'On to Berlin!" Still some were in doubt about Albert getting

Still some were in doubt about Albert getting In.
Juck Davis, he said, "It's Berlin or Bust,"
And Dietrich's book-case fell in the dust.
'Tis said that the shrappet then filled the air,
'Tis said that the shrappet then filled the air,
'Twe were calling for help from the boys back there.
Albert shouted. "I'm doing all that I can—
My little son Otto says I'm a brave man,"
We battled the Hun for the next five days
Going over the top wave after wave—
Chelphy, Very and Charpentry fell—
And then we came back our story to tell.

Very card, Albert shythythethe at the fany asked Albert just what he did, le was smeared with mud and had lost his tin lid. d. Pert told of his part in the fight, carried his book-case and records day

The question is asked in the Personnel
What would have happened if Albert had
fell? "What would have nappened in fall?
foll?
Would the Germans have whipped us and pushed us back
ff Albert hadn't been there with his book-case on his back?"

REBUILDING MATERIAL

SO THIS IS RUSSIA!

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:
Sometimes, about once or twice every now and then, copies of THE STARS AND STRIPES and their way up here to No STRIPES find their way to be the stripe their way to the their way to be the stripe their way to be the world. At we were so far north that the doggone unders when the fels inclined to do so the day or night, in any part of the stry, it lost and still be on the job at noon. Yes, and the ward of the day or night, in any part of the stry, it lost and still be on the job at noon. Yes, and the way the stripe the ward to be the strain of the day or night, in any part of the stry, it lost and still be on the job at noon. Yes, and the way the stripe t

C. Fi Roy Baldnidge

CHRISTMAS, 1917—LOOKING BACKWARD

They were five soldiers, and they were seated about a table—a round table—in an attractive little restaurant in an equally attractive little French city. It was Christmas Day, 1318. Good things had been set before them and including turkey with real stuffing, and there was a prospect, along toward the dim and distant end of the meal, of coffee with real sugar in ft.

The first of the five sighed pleasurably and let his eyes linger on the white tablecloth.

"A year ago today," he said, "things weren't exactly like this. And yet it was one of the most pleasant Christmases I ever lad. I had been in Tours for five weeks—my first five weeks in France—where it had bearned so mild that we used to go around the barracks grounds without our blouses. Then, two days before Christmas, they sent us up to high hill uear Chaumout. It was like changing from Florida to Minnesota. For Hauteway and the sea and of the was a single sheet of snow; the air if was beautifully crisp and cold, and it made you want to go out of doors and stand.

Ing from Florida to Minnesoia. For Haute Mare was a single sheet of snow; the air was beautifully crisp and cold, and it made you want to go ont of doors and stand upstraight and fill your lungs with it.

"The first day up there I was picked for K.P. When I went into the kitchen, the cook, a real old-timer, told me that K.P. tricks up that way lasted a week. So I resigned myself to seven days of it—including Christmas. "I didn't like the prospect at first. But when, on Christmas Eve, I saw the cook laying out I don't know how many apine pies. "I she had been making tarts for soldiers for the last five Christmas Eve, I began to grow nore enthusiastic.

"Christmas came, and I was still K.P. At noon the boys began to flock in—we were only about a hundred—and sat down to tarkey, and I've forgotten how many kinds of vegetable, and apple pie—a piece to a man. Before they began a young aviator offered prayer. I gues, inst above the well-known Yank town he wasn't used to praying, for his prayer was so genuincly sincere that if ever a prayer was so familiar, offinand kind of thing, but it was so genuincly sincere that if ever a prayer was so flow for the control of t